

## NEW BOOKS.

## A Good Christian Science Story.

The reader will find his interest early awakened in Mrs. C. Louise Burnham's story "The Right Princess" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). In the first chapter we are introduced to Maurice Burling and his aunt looking out mournfully through the plate-glass window of a country house on Long Island. They are homesick for England—hurt a little by the impressions of a democratic country; moreover, they are expecting a new housekeeper, native to the American soil. The new housekeeper arrives in the second chapter—Miss Miranda Graves of Puritan ancestry—and the reader will perceive immediately that there is a fun ahead.

Presently Miss Rogers, a school teacher from the neighborhood of Boston, very pretty with remarkably quiet manners and additionally interesting, in the circumstance that she is a Christian Scientist. We suppose that there must be differences among Christian Scientists, and that some are more interesting than others. While Burling was driving Miss Rogers from the station the horse bolted and flung the two out. Miss Rogers was thrown over a stone wall, into a meadow strewn with stones, and, in her opinion, it was not chance that she fell in a spot where there was grass only. Miss Graves had not known that her niece was a Christian Scientist, and first became aware of it when the girl refused to have her black and blue areas rubbed with liniment. We learn from the story that the places speedily got well of themselves. Even the next morning she was not "as stiff as a mackerel," as her aunt had indignantly prophesied she would be. As for Burling, he was lame for some time, though we believe that he had good material treatment.

Burling's aunt had a put dog, which she adored, and the little creature surprised and delighted some one which had been sprinkled with put poison. They forced some soap down Timmy's throat, but this wanted antidote did no good. Then Miss Rogers was left alone in a room with Timmy. Burling and his aunt waited in the hall outside. Timmy made no noise after they stopped giving him soap, or perhaps we should say after he was left alone with Miss Rogers. "I don't hear Timmy any longer," said Burling's aunt, softly. "No more do I," said Burling. They waited for ten minutes. "Wouldn't she come out if Timmy were gone?" asked the aunt, anxiously at the end of that time. "I don't know," said Burling. "I never employed a Christian Scientist. Perhaps when they fail they sail out of the window on a broomstick instead of meeting the outraged family." "She had a very sweet face," said the aunt. "I'm sure she meant very kindly, or she wouldn't have spoken in the tone she did. Did you notice her tone, Maurice?" "Yes," said Burling. "It struck me that her motive was pure."

This was doubt and sarcasm, but presently the door opened and Miss Rogers came out smiling, holding in her arms the put, who was licking his chops and smiling contentedly. The English servants tried to make out that it was the soap, also that Timmy hadn't eaten any poison. Burling went out to smoke his pipe. A robin running through the grass near by lifted his head and stared at him. He nodded toward his bright eye. "That was a very neat little miracle, if you ask me," he said confidentially.

Then there was Billy, Burling's nephew, heir to a title, who had something the matter with his head—erased development we think is the name for it. Billy was a tall, massive fellow about 20 years old. He had a roguish in the grounds, where he sat in a hammock and swung his legs. He wore knickerbockers. Miss Rogers inadvertently strayed into the pagoda and sat in Billy's hammock the day after her arrival. As she sat there, day-dreaming, Billy, accompanied by Sanders, his man, appeared suddenly and surprisingly on the scene. The youth was good-looking, if he was queer. "A thick crop of brown wavy hair curled the sun in his lighter threads. Bold brown eyes opened wide beneath the broad brow, and the lips of the handsome youth were loose and sullen. His brow lowered as he caught sight of Sanders sitting in the hammock, her ship-shaped feet showing below her blue gown."

Sanders knew that she was the housekeeper's niece, and that she had the right to employ a certain insolence. "Mr. Williams' amuse," he said, "it did not occur to her to be offended; she simply thought it queer to be asked to stand up in order that the strapping young man before her might be enabled to sit down. Billy scowled at her as she rose. 'You needn't go if you don't like,' he said. 'I don't want the hammock you.' The two became friendly, though he pinched her a good deal at first in his rather terrifying enthusiasm. She evinced much tact and discretion, and at last to stop pinching her on the promise that she would not kiss him. She struck hands with him and treated him with Christian Science, and so are sure that we reveal nothing which the reader will not already have suspected when we say that Billy got better."

Miss Graves proved to be such an excellent housekeeper that Burling's aunt came to think quite well of the country. As for Burling himself, it will be a dull reader who will not have divined, from the moment of the appearance of Miss Rogers upon the scene, what was to happen to him. From the end of the book we come upon such bits of dialogue between these two as "You belong to me, Frances," and "You belong to me, Maurice," and here surely was no miracle, whatever may be thought of the case of the little put dog.

Christian Science may be thought to be a rather doubtful subject for a cheerful story. This story, however, is not depressing. It is told with wit, and its serious quality is tempered with humor. It is ingenious and strong—a good story.

## Stories of All Kinds.

How delightful and refreshing it is in the mob of story writers who are trying to attract notice by extravagance and eccentricity, regardless of what English they write, to come upon one of the old-timers, who uses the language of ladies and gentlemen and knows something of what literary composition is. There is no new "Marjorie Daw" in Col. Thomas Bailey Aldrich's "A Sea Turn and Other Matters" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)—an inspiration like that comes but once to most men, we suppose—but there are a half-dozen stories told delicately and entertainingly, with a lot of fresh fun and humor. "His Grace the Duke" is a charming mixture of fact and absurdity and pathos.

Mr. Richard Harding Davis does not acknowledge, as he should, his indebtedness to the late William Makepeace Thackeray's "The Tremendous Adventures of Major Gahagan" in the preparation of "Capt. Macklin, His Memoirs" (Charles Scribner's Sons). The doings in a made-up world are on the grand scale of the exploits of the great nobility of Baron Munchausen. There is a strain of humor

that is brought out effectively by the autobiographical form in which the story is told, and Mr. Davis shows great cleverness in equipping his hero with the frame of mind of cigarette-smoking youth toward the vigorous actions of life and their Alsatian day-dreams. A lot of stay-at-homes must have carried single-minded Gahagan, let us say, just as his hero wins his fights and brings his own enemies. It is the first of his hero's adventures that Mr. Davis tells in this volume, and there is no reason we can see why he should not be as interminable as Sherlock Holmes.

It is all very well for Harvard fledglings to flutter straight to the nearest literary flame, but ought they not to do some work in English composition before rushing into print? The university provides an elaborate course of instruction in that subject, which need not be a required study for all undergraduates. Here is Mr. Shirley Everett Johnson offering us "The City of the Purple Rose" (Richard G. Badger) as "a phase of Harvard life." He protests that the episodes he represents are those of a "few extremists," but asserts that they actually occurred. If they did, we can only hope that he has seen them through his own purple glasses, for the vulgarity, and particularly the lack of everything like good manners between young men and young women, is simply incredible. Prof. Barrett Wendell and his youthful assistants may be eccentric, but they would not have passed a sentence like "It became necessary for D. and I to put forth our best efforts to give a function which would be, above all things, amusing." When the author is a little older he will, perhaps, have the bill-of-fare French at least correct: "cress de violet" and "cassise de Dijonne" may do for freshmen. The young men he depicts will make old graduates deplore the dying out of rough grading.

What the career of an estimable young person should be is depicted in "Janet Ward, A Daughter of the Manse," by Mrs. Margaret E. Sangster (Fleming H. Revell Company). The heroine is the daughter of a clergyman, she goes through college, does mission work and college settlement work, and marries a clergyman. She also writes poetry, and whenever her husband is in distress cheers him up by leaving a religious poem of her composition on his desk. The purpose of the story is didactic and the tone is strongly religious throughout.

Crime has become so associated with the name of Florence Warden that it would be disappointing if none were found in "Something in the City" (F. M. Buckles & Co.). The reader will come upon the doings of a gang of thieves with plenty of mystery, robbery, murder and trouble for a quiet neighborhood.

The chief merit of "The Flag on the Hill-top," by Mary Tracy Earle (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is its shortness. It is very intense and very earnest, and a great deal of action and battle is packed into its 120 pages. Bits of character drawing and bits of description are good enough to arouse regret that the author did not give herself space to tell a real story of the people she deals with. The incident is connected with the doings of the Knights of the Golden Circle in southern Illinois during the war. The patriotic sentiments are laudable.

A pretty little story is told by Emily Malbone Morgan in "A Poppy Garden" (Edwin S. Corwin). It is very slight, but the sentiment is sound, the descriptions are true and the out-of-door country feeling is conveyed very successfully to the reader. The usual fall output of Mr. G. A. Henry is sent to us by Charles Scribner's Sons, and is, as might be expected, replete with excitement and built on the lines familiar to steady readers of Mr. Henry's books. The plots of two of his three latest, if we recollect rightly, have been utilized by recent providers of adult fiction. "With the British Legion, A Story of the Carlist Wars," deals with the troubles at the beginning of Isabella II's reign; "The Treasure of the Incas" tells of a successful quest for gold in Peru, and "With Kitchener in the Sudan" relates modern history in the guise of romance, and will help strengthen, in every young Briton that reads it, as Mr. Henry's books usually do, the delightful self-satisfaction in the fact that he is an Englishman.

An exciting episode of local history, the anti-slavery agitation against the patriots, has been selected by Miss Ruth Hall as the subject of a story, "A Downright Son" (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.). Some scenes are dramatic, some descriptions of rural life are good, but it will need indulgence to follow the author in her story. She has chosen school children as her chief actors and made them twentieth-century children rather than those of 1840. There was doubtless love-making in the district school, but we can't believe that the sixteen-year-olds, male and female, thought of nothing but sentiment. The plot itself is conventional in pattern and so are the routines.

Horror of all sorts are piled up high in "The Invisibles," by Edgar Earl (Christopher). The sea and the desert, and the why a band of Russian explorers should make a cave in Lookout Mountain their place of meeting and why with the resource of hypnotism at their command they should have any trouble with their enemies we cannot make out. It seems really fitting that they with their cave and their schemes should be blown up by natural gas.

Mr. Owen Seaman, who has written bright and amusing verse, offers under the title, "Borrowed Plumes" Henry Holt & Co., a number of parodies on fiction of the day. It is a clever bit of work in kind, and his first piece, "The Two Elizabeths," the Elizabeth of the "Garden" and she of the "Vedits," is funny. Some of the authors he imitates, however, are of too trifling importance to deserve the trouble, and others, like Henry James and George Moore and George Meredith and Mrs. Humphry Ward, are a little too open to ridicule of this sort. It is amusing matter for a newspaper skit, but hardly worth preserving in a volume. We hope Mr. Seaman's talent is not to be dissipated, as Mr. Anstey's was, by writing for Punch.

With Dutchmen and Spaniards opposed on Northern soil blood and passion and violence of all kinds are to be expected. They are provided in profusion by Mr. J. Brocklebank Ellis in "The Holland Wolves" (A. C. McElroy & Co.). There is abundant love of high and low degree besides. The high note that gives the pitch to the tale is maintained steadily to the end and the state tone of the conversation is according to approved models of melodrama.

The Civil War again supplies Gen. Charles King with a plot in "The Iron Brigade, A Story of the Army of the Potomac" (G. W. Dillingham Company). The author has written some many of these stories that his readers know what to expect from him.

Mr. Ziegler might have made his picture of President Lincoln less unattractive. It is up New York State and into the Revolutionary War that Mr. Robert W. Chambers takes us in "The Maid-at-Arms" (Harpers). Burgoyne's surrender is the historical pivot around which his story turns, but the chief interest is in the love story, as it should be. The Indians and Tories and patriots make a romantic setting for two very charming young women. There is plenty of life and go in the book and improbability enough to make the reader feel sure that it is a romance he is reading. In a rather solemn preface the author announces his intention of setting right some wrongs of history, but that doesn't spoil his story. It would need a great genius, we fancy, to influence any one's mind, nowadays, through the medium of historical fiction.

## Mr. Crockett Favors Us Again.

Mr. S. R. Crockett's story, "The Banner of Blue" (McClure, Phillips & Co.), shows him still faithful to the Gilded Age theme and to his own full and forceful style. It has tangible humor, substantial pathos, has tragedy, and heavenly passages in the Scotch dialect. Old Laird Gregory Glendwyn was a stern and wicked man, and when he died repentant he had much to repent of and his last hours must have been busy. His son Rupert had a soft side to his nature, but he too was a villain, capable of dreadful villainousness and master of a sarcasm fitted to make the blood run cold. Among his other vices he drank to excess and played the flute, and we have no fault to find with the novelist for killing him early. But his brother John was all that we are accustomed to esteem, a lovely character, who bore the persecutions of his own nearest blood relations without a murmur, and spoke eloquently in the pulpit, and was rewarded at the end of faithful and dubious years with the hand of Fairlie Glendinning, the pious joiner's beautiful and gentle daughter.

"Wood, Laird Gregory, I dinna ken. I dinna mind o' aught that could be noed a hantle mair, as it were. But nae, when I loothed me, I was daith that work and poetry, and whenever her husband's parish the liber mornin', declarin' and theepin' doon my throat that he was intitled to ham an' eggs—aye, even though twice telled that the parish was made o' the best meal and the same as your honor sups yourself." There is a little of the humor and the dialect together—the real article, it will be seen, no humbug about it.

We wish we could tell how Fairlie and her sister Kate were abducted by the wicked old Laird and held in duress on a remote and lonely isle, and how Kate descended with her baby on a tottering ladder from a grim and lofty tower and sailed away in a cockle-shell boat through night and storm to the mainland; and how the wicked English Dr. Warner, who had "close-set, triangular eyes, with glances like bayonet thrusts," ran the old Laird through in a duel, and how Rupert's eyes, after he had been drinking, "burned with a lambent glow as if the fires of hell were already alight behind them." Fortunately, the book awaits the reader, with all those overflowing treasures which we are here unable to do justice to.

## A Strong and Shocking London Tale.

The dark and fatal London wide-spread is strongly pictured for us by Mr. Arthur Morrison in "The Hole in the Wall" (McClure, Phillips & Co.). The time is some thirty years ago, we gather from the story, but it seems like Jack Sheppard's time. We had much rather read this strong and fascinating tale than go bodily into Wapping. If Wapping is anything like this, the story purports to be told by the little boy, Stephen Kent, who lives with his grandfather, Capt. Nathaniel Kent, retired marine, in the Captain's ramshackle public house, called by the name that gives title to the story. It takes a strong man to run such a house of entertainment as the Hole in the Wall was, and Capt. Nat was certainly a man of strength. He was deep and broad of chest, and long and hairy of arm, and his hands were hands of iron. When he roared for order in his bar the glasses jumped and so did the customers. He could lead the burliest ruffian in Wapping or Shadwell out by the ear. He was a square man with certain limitations; smuggled tobacco and did a pawnbroker's business without a license.

Here are some of the things that happen in Mr. Morrison's story. Dan Ogle and the broken-down man murder Marr, the dishonest shipowner, and appropriate his pocketbook containing £800. The broken-down man tries to run away with the swag. Dan Ogle overtakes him and stabs him just as he reaches Capt. Nat's backdoor. Capt. Nat all but catches Dan, who escapes in the captain's boat, but without the money, which is found by little Stephen and kept by the captain. Dan with a knife up his sleeve comes to the captain at midnight offering to murder him, but the captain is too smart for the ruffian and marches him off in humiliating fashion with a warning. Then Dan and Viney, Marr's partner in the shipping business, both together try to murder Capt. Nat and recover the £800. At this time Dan is blind, having been in a fight with Blind George, the blasphemous fiddler, who has afterward caught Dan asleep and stuffed his eyes with quinine. Capt. Nat collars Viney, but the shipowner's collar gives way, and in running from the captain he falls into the dock and is drowned; and the blinded Dan upsets a lamp and sets fire to the Hole in the Wall and perishes in great anguish in the flames.

This is the merest outline, but it will indicate something. The story is told with care and skill, and though it is a dreadful tale, it is still a tale to read.

## Crowded Soul Hunters.

It is owing to our own deficiency, we have no doubt, that we do not understand why Clementine does not love Prince Paul of Unesville-Beylesien in John Oliver Hobbes's story, "Love and the Soul Hunters" (Funk and Wagnalls Company). We think that the Prince was just a little on Nottingham soil blood and passion and violence of all kinds are to be expected. They are provided in profusion by Mr. J. Brocklebank Ellis in "The Holland Wolves" (A. C. McElroy & Co.). There is abundant love of high and low degree besides. The high note that gives the pitch to the tale is maintained steadily to the end and the state tone of the conversation is according to approved models of melodrama.

The week is indeed barren that does not bring a new book by Cyrus Townsend Brady. This time it is the assign and not the Arch-deacon that writes, and it is to the War of 1812 that he turns for "In the Wasps' Nest" (Charles Scribner's Sons). It is about salt water and sailing ships and hand-to-hand fights and plenty of glory, and the boy must be hard to suit who cannot find pleasure in it.

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of Clementine is known as "La Bella Valentine," and is a dancer of bewitching fascinations, willowy and able to go without corsets at the age of 45. She is not a good woman; indeed, she has an English husband and is pensioned by two Russians and has attached herself to Mr. Golden Duryee at the time of this tale. Mr. Duryee is described in the story, but his tremendous financial operations do not transact themselves here, there is no room. We should say, perhaps, that Clementine's particular and peculiar point of beauty was a short upper lip, which was saved from an expression of silliness by a pre-determined mole.

The story is psychological and impressionistic; in its crowded condition it could not be expected to include much of a dramatic quality.

## Mr. Jerome's First Long Novel.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome's first long novel, "Paul Kelver" (Dodd, Mead & Co.), has a rather odd and rather long first part, which we think the reader will be thankful to leave behind him in order to proceed to the second part, which is in the author's usual vein of humor and makes the successful and readable part of the book. Paul grows up out of a rather dull and lugubrious boyhood to become a dilettante and a story writer and to have experiences which were worth the drudging. The last part of "Paul Kelver" for us; but the first part is also here for anybody who may be of a different opinion.

## A Novel by Mr. Julian Ralph.

Mr. Julian Ralph writes with his customary picturesqueness in his new story, "The Millionaire" (Lothrop Publishing Company, Boston). His rich and lovely heroine passes through interesting experiences and comes out all right, as in our opinion it is the business of deserving heroines to do. We know that her rather shallow cousin Archibald was not to have her, and the fear was not that she would ever fall a prize to anybody so painfully enthusiastic and vehement as the young orator, Bryan Cross. Cross set out to reform human society, and went mad before he had got very far along in the business. He was dreadful company, and we were satisfied to see him punished. The Van Noss sisters—and we wonder where Mr. Ralph got hold of this surprising pair—were certainly a warning to the heroine, if really she needed any, in the course of her more ambitious social adventures. Tonette, out of the wild West, reasonably sat in a tree when Mr. Stone, the minister, made love to her. She was much better than the Van Noss girls, whatever they may have thought in the matter; she was not pickled in cigarette smoke, and her mind and tongue were clearer.

The heroine found out the right thing to do with her money, as well as with her affections. The people blessed her. Her house up the Hudson was an abode of beauty and charm. "I have been so lonely," so alone," she says to Courtlandt Beekman in the final pages. And the story says: "As he drew her close to him he bent his head and kissed her—not with a passionate kiss which would have taken advantage of her surrender and would have wounded her like a red quivering mark of a lash across her soul; he kissed her lightly, and the touch of his lips on her brow lifted

## PUBLICATIONS.

SIR GILBERT PARKER'S new book "DONOVAN PASHA and Some People of Egypt," will be published next week. The first edition of 25,000 copies is already exhausted, but the second edition of 10,000 will be ready on time.

Ready to-day is "THE SEA LADY," by H. G. Wells, author of "The War of the Worlds," etc. Mr. Wells, as usual, has just started his imagination going, giving it free rein, with the result that we have a novel based upon an impossibility—a mermaid in modern British society—told in all seriousness as if we were expected to believe it, and with a lurking fling at modern artificialities. The London Literary World declares: "It is one of the best things Mr. Wells has yet written." Beautifully printed, with eight full-page illustrations, \$1.50.

"THE REAL SIBERIA," Together with an Account of a Dash Through Manchuria," by John Foster Fraser, author of "Round the World on a Wheel," gives a new view of Siberia. The author found a country like our Western America, instead of a low land inhabited only by convicts. That his own preconceived ideas were wholly reversed forms the best guarantee of his sincerity and impartiality. 12mo, cloth, \$2.00 net. Postage 20 cents additional.

The Boston Herald says: "You are always sure of being thoroughly entertained whenever you make a selection from Appleton's Town and Country Library."

We offer you No. 316, "A LADY'S HONOR," a Chronicle of Events in the Time of Marlborough," by BASS BLAKE (12mo, cloth, \$1.00; paper 50 cents), and rest our case. D. APPLETON & COMPANY, Publishers, New York.

her soul, like her reverential thoughts of marriage, until it trembled with misgivings—as well as with delight."

There is a great deal that will interest the reader in Mr. Ralph's book. The scenes and incidents are vivid and the characters are lively. We are glad that the Van Noss girls are spinsters. It would have been dreadful to have had them have husbands.

## Unknown Italy.

Those who think they know their Italy pretty well will be taken aback by the strangeness and novelty of "Wayfarers in Italy," by Katharine Booker (Charles Scribner's Sons). It is a new demonstration of what an inexhaustible storehouse of circumstances Italy is and how little of it is known even by foreigners who have wandered far from the beaten paths. The author deliberately sought for out-of-the-way places, inspired, we infer, by a quotation from the Chevalier Fuller. It is so

be regretted that certain affectations and unpleasant turns of speech, probably derived from the same inspiration, mar what is in other respects a direct and unpretentious narrative. The author luckily took her camera with her. She could not resist the temptation of showing us her picturesque gondolier, and we cannot blame her; but with that exception, every one of the many and admirable pictures in the book is new. Some represent places that many people have never heard of, others are of unexplored corners in places as thoroughly ransacked by travellers as Florence and Siena and Venice.

The exploring spirit did not stop at art and geography; it extended to Italian life and ways and supplies plentiful incident and observation and queer information of all kinds. The author's courage is shown by the declaration: "We never refuse to taste any new dish," and is rewarded, for gastronomical Frisinstance.

Continued on Eighth Page.

## PUBLICATIONS.

If your newsdealer has any copies of HARPER'S MAGAZINE for October left it may interest you to secure one. It is a good number, and most newsmen are already sold out.

## NEW BOOK NEWS

## ISTAR OF BABYLON.

Istar, the Egyptian Aphrodite, as portrayed by Margaret Horton Potter in her new novel *Istar of Babylon*, is the type of one who comes to know the full meaning of life through love, suffering, emotional ecstasy, even degradation. She is the type of divinity—a goddess of love—made human through love. The scene of the novel is laid in Babylon at the time of the great feast of Belshazzar. It is a novel of pulsing life and feeling—one of the most remarkable portrayals of the dominance of love in all fiction.

## THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

With *Istar of Babylon* is published today the *First Christmas*, by Gen. Lew Wallace, author of "Ben Hur." This handsome new edition of the *First Christmas* is intended especially for a Christmas gift—pictures from the great paintings of Raphael, Murillo, etc., the text and illustrations printed in two colors, with marginal drawings in tint by the well known artist, William Martin Johnson. It is a handsome book and should be in every library.

## THE FLIGHT OF PONY BAKER.

In the *Flight of Pony Baker* Mr. Howells has written another of his inimitable boy stories—the story of a real boy, his life in a little town, temptations to be an Indian, to run away with the circus, and his experiences in all the other familiar escapades of boy-land. Of course he comes out all right. It is boy life over again—a story that all of all ages who are interested in boys will read with greatest pleasure.

And a word again of the *Maid-at-Arms*, Robert W. Chambers' new novel. It is a novel brimming with excitement and adventure, dealing with the period during the Revolution, when the old "patron" families were the great landowners and virtually controlled what was then known as New York Province. He tells of its subjugation to the British and weaves into it a most fascinating love interest. Sales of the *Maid-at-Arms* show that it is already one of the season's most popular novels.

Mr. Henry Seton Merriman's new novel, *The Vultures*, has also had an unusual reception. Mr. Merriman is a master of the novel that deals with plot and intrigue rather than romance and adventure. He has laid the scene of the "Vultures" in Europe—especially in Russia—among the foreign diplomatic offices. The "Vultures" are the members of the diplomatic corps, who are placed by the author in the midst of most exciting intrigues. The chapter on the assassination of the Czar is in itself a masterpiece of this style of writing.

## THE WOOING OF WISTARIA.

The *Wooing of Wistaria*, by Onoto Watanna, is a Japanese love story of which you will hear much this winter.

## HARPER &amp; BROTHERS

Franklin Square, New York.

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## RELIGIOUS NOTICES.

FIFTH AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH, REV. J. FOIS STEVENSON, D. D., Pastor.

Sunday Services at 11 A. M. and 3 P. M. Morning Prayer at 9 A. M. "The Knowledge of Christ," Morning Prayer at 11 A. M. "Doing the Will of God," Strangers cordially invited.

CHURCH OF ZION AND ST. TIMOTHY, 301 West 87th St. Sunday Services at 11 A. M. and 3 P. M. Morning Prayer at 9 A. M. "The Knowledge of Christ," Morning Prayer at 11 A. M. "Doing the Will of God," Strangers cordially invited.

CHURCH OF THE NEW JERUSALEM, 514 St. between Park and Lexington Aves. The Rev. John R. Smith, Pastor. Church service at 11 A. M. Preaching by the Rev. S. Seward.

CHURCH OF THE MESSIAH (Unitarian), 304 St. between Park and Lexington Aves. The Rev. John R. Smith, Pastor. Church service at 11 A. M. Preaching by the Rev. S. Seward.

ALL SOULS' CHURCH (Unitarian), Fourth Ave. and Twelfth St. Rev. Thomas H. Smith. The Rev. will preach on "The Education of a Saviour of Men," cordially invited. Services at 11 A. M.

The Only Newspaper That Gathers All the News of the world through its own correspondents is the one which is able to say that "If you see it in THE SUN it is so."—A.D.

## TWO NEW NOVELS IN GREAT DEMAND

Mrs. Craigie's  
LOVE AND THE  
SOUL HUNTERS

By JOHN OLIVER HOBBS

Author of "The Gods, Some Mortals, and Lord Wickenham," "The Heron Moon," "School for Saints," "Robert Orange," etc., etc.

The New York Tribune, Sept. 20th, says:

"A BRILLIANT NOVEL."

"Love and the Soul Hunters" is one of the most amusing books published in a long time; it is full of the clever dialogue which this author knows so well how to invent, but it is suffused with a grave tenderness, and from beginning to end, envelops the reader in a thoughtful atmosphere. The author's art is exercised with peculiar delicacy and effect. Every page is rich in these little touches, the little half-lights and suggestions which reflect not so much the practised as the instinctively skilful hand. "Love and the Soul Hunters" is a book for mature men and women. To such readers it must bring a keen pleasure, touching them by the insight into human nature which it illustrates, and diverting them with its witty intellectuality."

12mo, Cloth, Price, \$1.50, post-paid

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Mrs. Kingsley's  
THE  
NEEDLE'S EYE

By FLORENCE MORSE KINGSLEY

Author of "Titus," "The Transfiguration of Miss Philura," "Prisoners of the Sea," "Stephen," etc.

A CHARMING NOVEL.

"The Needle's Eye" is a remarkable story of modern American life—not of one phase, but of many phases, widely different and in startling contrast. The scenes alternate between country and city. The pure, free air of the hills, and the foul, stifling atmosphere of the slums; the sweet breath of the clover fields, and the stench of crowded tenements are equally familiar to the hero in this novel. The other characters are found in vine-covered cottages, in humble farm-houses, in city palaces, and in the poorest tenements of the slums. Many of the situations in the novel are exceedingly dramatic. Others sparkle with genuine humor or glow with tender pathos. This is a story to make people laugh, and cry, and think.

12mo, Cloth, Illustrated, Price, \$1.50, post-paid